*Paris* should nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite,
*Pria. Paris* you speake
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights,
You haue the hony still,but these the gall,
So to be valiant,is no praise at all.
*Par.* Sir, I propose not meerly to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the soile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the ransackt queene,
Disgrace to your great worths,and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On tearmes of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare,or sword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowd,or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then I say,
Well may we fight for her,whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.
*Hect. Paris* and *Troylus*, you haue both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glozd,but superficially,not much
Vnlike young men,whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heere *Morrall Philosophie*;
The reasons you alleadge,do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong:for pleasure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners.Now
What neerer debt in all humanitie,
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection





And that great mindes of partia
To their benummed wills resist
There is a lawe in each well-or
To curbe those raging appetites
Most disobedient and refracturi
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*
As it is knowne she is,these mo
Of nature and of nations,speake
To haue her back returnd: thus
In doing wrong,extenuates no
But makes it much more heauie
Is this in way of truth: yet ner
My spritely brethren, I propen
In resolution to keepe *Helen* sti
For 'tis a cause that hath no mea
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall di
*Tro.* Why there you touche t
Were it not glory that we mor
Then the performance of our h
I would not wish a drop of Tro
Spent more in her defence. But
She is a theame of honour an
A spurre to valiant and magnan
Whose present courage may be
And fame in time to come can
For I presume braue *Hector* wo
So rich aduantage of a promisd
As smiles vpon the fore-head
For the wide worlds reuenew.
*Hect.* I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great
I haue a roisting challenge sent
The dull and factious nobles o
VVill shrike amazement to the
I was aduertizd,their great gen
VVhilst emulation in the armie
This I presume will wake him.